

The Annual


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The Mary Baldwin Seminary.



Staunton, Virginia,

May, 1897.



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The Annual

—et—

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VOL. VII.

STAUNTON, VA., MAY, 1897.

NO. I.

THE BATTLE OF BRUNANBURH.

[From the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.]

Here Athelstan King,
Lord among earls,
Chief of retainers, and
Likewise his brother,
Edward the Atheling,
Won lasting glory,

In the fight with the sword's edge,
Round about Brunanburh.

They cleft through the phalanx,
Hewed down the warriors' swords,
The leavings of hammers,
The young heirs of Edward.
Thus it befitted their noble
Descent from their kinsmen,
That they often in battle,
'Gainst each of the hostile ones,

Defended their lands, their home and their treasures.

The enemy yielded,
The Scots and the sailors

Fell, doomed to their death;
The field became slick
With the blood of the slain ones,
From the time that the sun rose
In morning-tide,
The glorious star,
Brightening the earth,
The bright candle of God,
The all-glorious Father,
Till the noble creation,
Sank to its resting place.

Many a warrior lay,
Killed by the foe's spear,
Heroes of northern lands,
Thrust over their shields.
Likewise the Scottish men,
Sad, weary with battles.
The West-Saxons followed forth,
All of the livelong day,
The host, the hostile ones.

They hacked at the flying ones,
With sharpened sword points,
Nor did Merica refuse
A hand to hand battle,
With one of the heroes,
Of those who with Anlaf,
Over the ocean
Sought land in the ship's prow,
Destined to fight.

Likewise five youthful kings,
Lay on the battle-field,
Asleep, by the sword's edge;
Seven earls of Anlaf, too,
Unnumbered warriors,
Sailors and Scottishmen.

There was routed,
The chief of the Northmen,
With the little army,
Pushed by necessity
Into the ship's prow;
The galley pushed out,
Into the deep sea.
Outside the king swerved
Into the dark flood,
Rescued his life.

Thither likewise,
Into his northern home,
The experienced Constantine,
Came with hasty flight,
The hoary-haired warrior;
He did not need to boast,
Of the joining of weapons,
Bereft of his kinsmen,
Of friends on the battle-field;
And his son he left
Covered with wounds,
Youthful in battle.

He did not need to boast,
Of the clashing of swords,
The grizzly-haired chief,
The hateful old warrior.
Nor Anlaf more,
With his army's remainder;
They need not boast that they
Excelled on the battle-field,
In works of battle.
In the conflict of banners,
In the meeting of javelins,
In the encounter of heroes,
In the joining of weapons,
After they on the battle-field,

Fought with the children,
The young heirs of Edward.

Then the Northmen departed,
Departed in nailed ships,
Sad remainder of spears,
Into the noisy sea,
Over deep water,
Ashamed, to seek Dublin,
And afterwards Ireland,

The brothers together,
The king and the atheling,
Sought the country,
The land of West-Saxons,
Rejoicing in victory.
They left behind them,
To share the corpses,
The dark-coated one,
The black, tawny raven,
The horny-beaked one, and
The grey-coated one,
The eagle to prey on the carrion.

The greedy war-hawk and the grey wild beast,
The wolf in the wilds,

Ne'er was more slaughter,
Of folks in this island,
Hewed down by the sword's edge,
As the books tell us,
The old philosophers,
Since eastward hither,
Came the Angles and Saxons,
Over the broad sea,
Sought for Britain,
Conquered the Welsh,
The earls, the proud warriors,
Eager for glory, found a home.

ABBY MCFARLAND.

SUPERSTITIONS OF SCOTLAND.

It is not strange that in their bleak, desolate homes among the rugged mountains and on the shores of their beautiful lakes, alone and far away from the dwellings of man that the Highlanders of Scotland should be peculiarly susceptible to wild and weird superstitions, that all nature should speak to them and that they should try to interpret her voice. They struggled hard to read the future and, among the many devices, none strike us as more weird than that used by Roderick Dhu. A bullock was slain. Brian, the priest, was wrapped in its skin, placed on a rock beneath a waterfall and left alone to think about the question under consideration. We are not surprised that, when this ferocious man arose from his perilous position, his matted hair obscuring his face, his body seamed and scarred by penances, Roderick Dhu should have deemed his prophecy—"Who spills the foremost foeman's life—That party conquers in the strife"—an inspiration of the disembodied spirits and should have thought the killing of James a holy duty.

The Highlanders firmly believed in the second sight and indeed some marvelous instances of it are recorded. It is said that this faculty is not hereditary nor can it be acquired as has been imagined. When a person sees a vision, his eyelids are erected and the eye continues staring until the object vanishes. A story is told of one aged seer, who, after he had seen a vision, would have to be assisted in pulling his eyelids down. The vision makes such an impression upon those who see it that they can think of nothing else as long as it continues and are jovial or sad according to the object represented to them. Every vision has a certain interpretation. If a woman is seen standing at a man's left hand, it is a presage that she will be his wife whether they be married to others or unmarried. To see a spark of fire upon one's arm or breast is a forerunner of a dead child to be seen in the arms of that person. To see a seat empty at the time of one's sitting in it is a presage of the person's death soon afterward. When a shroud is seen about

one it is a sure sign of death. In Allan-bane, Scott has made us acquainted with one of these seers. He foretells the arrival of James Fitz-James, describing his steed of dappled grey which lay dead beneath the birch-tree, his hunting coat of Lincoln green, his horn, his cap and his hounds. So certain was he of the stranger's arrival that he had bidden them prepare for a guest of high degree.

Had James been superstitious, he would not have dared to accept Ellen's hospitality, for, as he entered the doorway, a sword fell from its scabbard to the ground. This was considered a dreadful omen, for the person to whom this happened was sure to be killed by the owner of the sword. This superstition is common to many countries. A story is told of a young nobleman, who lost his way in a German town. In the meantime a terrible storm arose and he sought shelter in a hovel near by. He was welcomed by a rough voice within but, as he stepped over the threshold, one of the numerous swords which lined the wall fell to the floor. His host gazed at him so fixedly that the young nobleman asked him the cause of his strange conduct. "Know you not," said he, "that I am the public executioner of the city and that this is a sign that I shall one day cut off your head with this very sword!" The nobleman lost no time in leaving his place of refuge and a short time later, engaging in a plot against the government, he was executed by the same man with the same sword.

Every glen, every dell of this wild northern country has been peopled by its inhabitants with the creatures of their imagination and every mist, every strange light was supposed to be some spirit, terrible both in form and mission. In a romantic hollow in Benvenue overlooking Loch Katrine, were held at stated times, the solemn meetings of the Urisks. Those creatures were half goat and half man and resembled the Grecian Satyr but were unlike them in occupation; for by kindness they could be won over to perform the drudgery of the farm. In this they resembled Milton's Lubbar Fiend. These creatures were scattered throughout the Highlands, each in his own secluded retreat but the solemn meetings of the order

were held in the cave of Benvenue. Many Highland families were supposed to have a Urish attached to it.

There was another order of spirits called the "Men of Peace" who were supposed to be a peevish race, having but little happiness themselves and envying men what they possessed. Dr. Grahame says: "They are believed to inhabit certain round grassy eminences where they celebrate their nocturnal festivities by the light of the moon. About a mile beyond the source of the Forth above Loch Con is a place called *Coirshi'an* or the Cove of the Men of Peace, which is still supposed to be a favorite place of their residence. In the neighborhood are to be seen many round, conical eminences, particularly one near the head of the lake by the skirts of which many are still afraid to pass after sunset. It is believed that if, on Hallow-eve, any person, alone, goes around one of these hills nine times, toward the left hand, a door shall open by which he will be admitted into their subterraneous abodes. Many, it is said, of mortal race have been entertained in their secret recesses. There they have been received into the most splendid apartments and regaled with the most sumptuous banquets and delicious wines. Their females surpass the daughters of men in beauty. The seemingly happy inhabitants pass their time in festivity and in dancing to notes of the softest music. But unhappy is the mortal who joins in their joys or ventures to partake of their dainties. By this indulgence he forfeits for ever the society of men and is bound down irrevocably to the condition of the *Shi'ich* or Men of Peace."

Many great Highland families were supposed to have a tutelary spirit who took a deep interest in their prosperity and intimated by its wailings any approaching disaster. Scott says: "The tutelar spirit of Grant of Grant was called May Moullach and appeared in the form of a girl who had her arm covered with hair. Grant of Rothiemurcus had an attendant called *Bodach-an-dun* or Ghost of the Hill; and many other examples might be mentioned. The Benshie implies the female fairy whose lamentations were often supposed to precede the death of a chieftain of particular families. When she is visible

it is in the form of an old woman with blue mantle and streaming hair. A superstition of the same kind is, I believe, universally received by the inferior ranks of the native Irish."

Death was often announced to certain families by sounds. In the Highland family of M'Lean of Lochbuy, the spirit of an ancestor slain in battle was heard to gallop along a stony bank and then to ride three times around the family residence ringing his fairy bridle and thus intimating the approaching calamity. That the eye as well as the ear may be deceived very easily is evident from many stories of armies in the air and other remarkable sights with which history abounds. Such an apparition was once witnessed on the side of Southfell mountain, between Penrith and Keswich. The apparition consisted of several troops of horses, moving in regular order steadily and rapidly. They made a wide sweep around the fell and seemed to the spectators to disappear over the ridge of the mountain. Many persons witnessed the supposed phenomenon, and observed the last of the supposed troops leave the ranks and gallop to the front where he resumed the same pace. This like most such visions may be accounted for by optical deception.

There were malicious spirits, too, as well as friendly ones. Among these was the River Demon. He frequented most Highland lakes and rivers, and one of his most memorable exploits was the destruction of a funeral procession. The forest of Glenmore in the North Highlands is believed to be haunted by a spirit called "*Lham-dearg*," dressed as an ancient warrior, having a bloody hand whence comes his name. He insists upon all who meet him doing battle with him, and the clergyman who makes up an account of the district, gravely assures us that in his time *Lham-dearg* fought with three brothers, none of whom long survived the ghostly combat. The tale of the host in "*Marmion*" is similar to this. As the story goes, Sir Hugo of Gifford Castle was a wizard and the founder of Goblin-Hall. On this

"There never toiled a mortal arm,
It all was wrought by word and charm."

When Alexander came to the old wizard to learn the future of his kingdom, he was told to go at midnight to a neighboring plain and there to fight a spirit "in guise of his worst enemy." Although the King conquered in the combat, he received a wound from which he ever afterward suffered on the anniversary of his victory.

THE TRANSGRESSION OF DEACON BROWN.

It was Saturday, the last day of the hunting season. All day Joe Brown had tramped the woods in hopes of getting one more buck before the law interposed on behalf of the persecuted animal. But his labor was thrown away. The wily deer apparently know that this was their last day of danger and seemed determined to keep in hiding till to-morrow, when they might come out to water in safety under the protecting wings of the law. When Joe, weary and dispirited with his fruitless hunt, placed his gun behind his door, it contained the same load it had carried in the morning when he started out.

As the tall Dutch clock in the corner struck the hour of nine on Sunday morning, Deacon Brown—for Joseph like his ancestors of the last ten generations, was a deacon in the neighboring church—stood before his mirror putting the finishing touches to his toilet preparatory to setting out for service. Suddenly a shadow falling across the door-way attracted his attention. For an instant his heart stopped beating—he shook himself to see if he was dreaming. No, it was really true! There, not five yards from him stood a splendid buck, lightly poised on three legs, while with head high in air he sniffed the morning breeze.

It was but the work of an instant to seize the loaded rifle from behind the door, and level it at the breast of the unsuspecting animal, but, in the excitement of the moment, Joseph's usually steady nerves failed him and the bullet buried itself in

the deer's shoulder instead of in the vital part at which it had been aimed. With a great bound the wounded buck shot off across the field, hotly pursued by Deacon Brown whose Sunday coat-tails flapped madly in the wind. On and on they flew, the Deacon trying at every step to get another shot. At last Joseph saw his prey disappear behind a high stone fence, and knew that it must have fallen.

As he drew near, he saw a man standing over the dead deer, then the enormity of his deed rushed upon him. He, a deacon in the church of Mount Horeb, to be caught chasing a deer on Sunday! His rifle dropped from his nerveless grasp and discharged its load into the ground. For a moment Joe wished it had gone into his own heart. As his startled imagination presented before him the terrible consequences of his sin, he saw himself an object of scorn to his fellow churchmen whose greatest respect he had heretofore enjoyed. Then remembering his own severity on a similar case, there arose before his mind a court-room scene in which he stood as prisoner charged with breaking the laws of God and man. The oak tree in front of him was suddenly converted into a gallows from whose great arm a man's body swung, and oh, sickening thought, it was his own! As he closed his eyes to shut out the terrible sight, a familiar voice addressed him. He looked up. The man by the fence was his own brother, John. His heart gave a great bound of relief—maybe he was not lost after all.

“Joe, did you shoot this deer?”

“Yes, John, I did, but for God's sake don't tell on me.”

“Tell on you! I ain't goin' to tell on you. But you won't need anybody to tell on you if people come by to church and see him lying here dead. Come let's drag him over the hill out of sight.”

The two men fell to work and soon had the dead deer on the other side of the hill, well out of the way of church-goers.

The worldly minded John surveyed their work with evident satisfaction. “I tell you he's a dandy,” he exclaimed. “How did you get him?”

But the conscience-smitten Joe was in no mood for explanation. "Come on home and let's go to church," he answered savagely.

"Church? You can go to church if you want, but I am going to stay here and watch him till you come back."

At this reply, Joe's heart sank within him. To kill a deer on Sunday was bad enough, but to make his brother stay away from church was worse.

"No, John," he said severely, "you must come, people will talk."

As the farmers stood about the church door waiting for service to begin, there were numerous inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Brown brothers.

"I am afraid something must be the matter," said farmer Black. "Joe Brown hasn't failed to be here by ten o'clock, rain or shine, summer or winter, since he was elected deacon, five years ago come this December. Now it is most eleven."

While the first hymn was being sung, the Browns entered the church. The Deacon's head was bowed low as he walked up the aisle, but there seemed to be an unusually bright twinkle in the grey eyes of his brother that brought an ominous sigh from the elders bench.

The sermon for the day was on repentance. After an able discourse, the minister called on Deacon Brown to pray. That prayer! Its like had never been heard in the annals of Mount Horeb. The penitence, the humility the utter self-abnegation of the petitioner brought tears to the eyes of his hearers. On the way home the elders wives said to one another in awed tones, that Deacon Brown did seem to grow more consecrated every day of his life.

The next dinner-table day the minister dined with his favorite deacon. On the dinner-table was a huge roast of venison. "Why Deacon, you must have had good luck Saturday," said the jovial clergyman. "Where did you get him?" "Over in John's old field," was the sententious answer.

AN A. F. S. GIRL TO THE M. B. S. GIRLS, GREETING.

The interest which you M. B. S. girls of '97, are likely to take in the effusions of a back number A. F. S. girl of '91, is rather like what the people of modern days would feel, if the Sphinx—that discreet lady of the Nile were ever to open her long closed lips and begin to discourse upon the family affairs of the Pharaohs.

Nevertheless, despite the vast chasm of six years, time which yawns between us, we are all “*Miss Baldwin's girls*,” and that is a bridge on which we can meet, old girls, new girls, M. B. S. girls and A. F. S. girls—not only now, but in all the years to come. That is a fact of which we are all proud, and the older we get, the prouder we grow, for we see in the after lives of Miss Baldwin's girls, the effects of the fine, strong, beautiful influence for good, which she throws around us all.

Although the old name and the magic initials A. F. S. were very dear to us of ninety-one and before that, yet we are glad of that change which perpetuates the name of the woman who not only founded one of the finest schools in the south, but whose whole life has been a blessing to all with whom she has been thrown in contact. Love and reverence for Miss Baldwin have grown to be a part of the life of thousands of young women all over the country, and we form a sisterhood into which we are very glad to admit you girls of '96, and '97.

Since the thoughts of every old girl naturally turn Staunton-ward, as commencement season approaches, the advent of “The Alumnae Record” was particularly seasonable, with its attractive accounts of the two meetings of the association, its bright, newsy “two minute talks” and clever poems of the full graduates, and its enticing suggestion of a grand reunion of all “Miss Baldwin's Girls” at the Tennessee Centennial in June.

It would be very delightful if we girls of ninety-one could meet you of ninety-seven and talk things over. We should want to hear from you all about the changes which must have

taken place since we left, and about our friends in the faculty and in the servants' hall, the former of whom still have our affectionate interest and the latter of whom we are by no means disposed to forget.

In turn, we should try to convince you that in our time were the golden days; that never were brains like our brains, talents like our talents, voices like our voices, nor jokes like our jokes. Strict candor would compel us to confess that there were jokes like our jokes which amused Noah and his family in the ark; also jokes gotten off by our predecessors and handed down to us, as I have no doubt, ours have been handed down to you. Any way, they are good jokes, aren't they?

With a little encouragement we should tell you about the jolly little glee club of '91 which made hideous the warm nights of early spring, when the balcony of Long Room resounded with the strains of "I'll Be All Smiles To-night Love" and "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" One of the teachers used sometimes to entertain her callers out on the front porch. On those occasions we took a peculiar school-girlish delight in in warbling "Good-night Ladies" and "Home Sweet Home," in the alluring hope of embarrassing the visitors. We had only one guitar and we had to resort to discipline to keep all the members from singing falsetto or trying to, because it was so nice to get in the little grace notes at the end of every line. Everybody laughed at us and we all laughed at ourselves and at each other; but we had a very happy time over it *and the present glee club with its recognized place on the commencement program has grown out of it!* In those days they would sooner have thought of putting us in jail than upon the program for commencement, I am sure.

We should probably tell you, too, about Mr. Thompson, the night-watchman in our time, with his red cheeks, red blanket, and a dearer redness than that of either cheeks or blanket—the redness of the big, luscious apples which he used to bring in his capacious pockets for those of us who teased him most. How he used to frighten the life nearly out of us as he came tip-toeing along the back gallery in his big squeak-boots—to see if everything was all right!

Ah, well, it is our fixed opinion that "there were giants in those days," and "that, take us all in all, you ne'er shall look upon our like again."

We can make a shrewd guess that there are many things in which six years' time has not made so great a change. We should be willing to wager that as soon as spring holidays were over, you began to make elaborate (and probably, incorrect) mathematical calculations as to the number of days, hours, minutes and seconds which must elapse before commencement—just as we used to do. You have the same wicked feelings which we used to have, when you get a letter from home reminding you that this is the happiest time of your life, which letter usually reaches you just as you are about to go into the horrors of a Latin "final"—and when you feel anything but happy. (I don't express all I feel on the subject of Latin "finals," because I'm afraid that Miss Strickler might see this). You are also practicing the same solos, duos, quartettes and octettes which we used to practice, and you are taking care of your larynxes, as we used to do, in order that you, as we, may "pass, in singing, like the swan." You "medal" girls are practicing the sweet start of surprise, with which you will greet the announcement that you won the "blue ribbon," for you did not expect it. Oh, no! Neither did we.

So you see it would not take us so very long to become acquainted, after all, and I certainly hope that time will bring us the opportunity to do so, individually, if not collectively.

Miss Strickier has suggested that I say something about our beautiful spring, but I cannot think of anything to say on that subject quite so good as what Horace said in his Ode to Sestius, of which I made the following very free, and very rough translation one day when the balmy weather so warmed the cockles of my heart that, like Mr. Wegg, "I felt like dropping into poetry." I give it because you are all familiar with it, the fourth in the first book of Odes, you remember, and because it is seasonable.

TO SESTIUS.

Now is the strength of Winter past
And Spring, at last,

Her lovely face all smiling shows,
And soft and sweet the south wind blows.

The sailor lad brings down his boat
And once afloat
With sails outspread, he spurns the land ;
The herds no longer idle stand.

The farmer too forsakes his hearth ;
The fallow earth,
From snow and chilling hoar-frost free,
Brings forth her fruit abundantly

Now in low hanging Luna's light,
Doth Venus bright,
With Nymphs and graces, hand in hand,
Join in the dance a merry band.

Now comes the sound of anvil's blow
And in the glow,
Of Cyclops' forges Vulcan stands,
A lifted hammer in his hands,

And it is meet to deck the brow
With flowers now,
Or wreath of myrtle from the fields :
A wealth of green the glad earth yields.

Now should we in some syloam nook,
By babbling brook,
A sacrifice to Faunus kill
A lamb or kid, which e'er he will.

Alas ! pale Death knocks at the door
Of rich and poor ;
To all comes his impartial tread,
To all he shows his visage dread.

“ Go thou, and come another day,”
In vain we pray,
In vain we murmur : life's brief scope
Denies us long account with hope.

O Sestius, thou art happy now,
But on thy brow,
The icy hand of death is laid,
And soon thou'lt be in Pluto's shade.

In that dark realm, no more thou'lt sing,
Nor, careless, fling
The dice, no more thou'lt be,
The King of wine and revelry.

ROSELLE MERCIER.

April 16, 1897.

Augusta, Ga.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Taming of the Shrew, one of Shakespeare's most popular comedies, is a very amusing account of the taming of a wild, self-willed girl. The scene is laid in Padua. Shakespeare seemed to be fond of laying the scenes of his plays in Italy.

There was a rich old gentleman of Padua, called Baptista, who had two daughters. The elder of these, was Katharina, or Kate the Shrew, as she was more commonly called, and Bianca her sister was noted for her beauty and gentleness. How different was Kate! Her very name, the Shrew, shows for what she was noted.

Bianca had very many admirers, but Baptista, father-like, would not consent to Bianca's marrying, until her sister was married. For, was she not the elder?

Bianca's suitors, Gremio, Hortensio, and Lucentio, were in despair. They certainly could not recommend Kate to any one for a wife. She thought nothing of railing at one and pulling his ears for him, or striking him with anything that happened to be near.

Now, although she did treat people in this style, she was quite jealous of the attention paid her sister.

At last some one appeared on the scene, who was willing to marry Kate with all her reputation, in order that he might

share her fortune.

This obliging personage was, Petrucio of Verona.

Hortensio and Lucentio now saw a chance to win Bianca's love. Baptista had said that he wanted teachers for Bianca. Hortensio, under the assumed name of Licio, became a musician, and Lucentio having changed names and clothes with his servant, Tranio, became tutor to Bianca.

Petrucio now determined not to waste anytime and started out in search of Baptista. He had no sooner been introduced to Baptista, than he began to tell him of his errand. Baptista, having first learned that Petrucio was a very wealthy gentleman of Verona, willingly consented to give him Katharina for his wife.

Now came the tug of war. How should he ever gain Kate's consent to marry him?

Petrucio, however, had quite as strong a will as Kate, and he went to her with the firm resolve to win her. After quite a struggle, he left her, declaring that she would see him hanged before she would marry him. Petrucio, however, informed Baptista that Kate had consented to marry him, and that the following Sunday he would return and claim her for his bride.

At last the appointed day had arrived, the bride was waiting, but no bride-groom.

Everyone had come to the conclusion that he was not coming, when a messenger came rushing in announcing the arrival of Petrucio.

"Why Petrucio is coming in a new hat and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle cases, one buckled, the other laced and an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury with a broken hilt and chapeless with broken points.

His horse is hipped with an old mothly saddle and stirrups of no kindred."

Everyone was surprised to see Petrucio dressed thus, remonstrated with him, offered to lend him clothes, etc., but all to no avail. Petrucio paid no attention to them, but asked for "Kate, his lovely bride."

How strange it was for anyone to be married after this manner. But Petrucio had some purpose in view. Immediately after the ceremony was concluded he and Kate started for his country home.

Poor Kate, how little she knew what was in store for her! Were all shrews tamed in the same way? Her life was made miserable. For some time she was not allowed to eat nor sleep in peace. What she liked, Petrucio disliked, what she was pleased with, he found fault with. At last she decided that the best thing for her to do, was to agree to everything he said. She soon saw that she had found some one with as strong a will as her own and after having tried to resist, she finally gave in.

When she returned to her father's home, they could not believe their eyes. Was that mild, gentle woman the same Kate that had so lately left them? She was even gentler than Lucentio's beautiful wife, for he had married Bianca.

Every one decided that Petrucio had gained the day, and he was fully rewarded by having the obedient, gentle Katherina for his wife.

EVA BAKER McCUE.

Staunton, Va.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Feb. 27th, 1807. The house in which his early childhood was spent may be seen to-day, in outward appearance very like the many houses around it, but ever to be held sacred to the memory of one of our greatest American poets. At eighteen years of age, he graduated at Bowdoin College; the next year, he went to Europe chiefly for the sake of study. On his return, at the end of several years, he accepted a position as professor of modern languages at Brunswick University, where he remained until he was offered a position at Harvard. He

determined to accept this, but before doing so, spent a year or two in Europe, preparing himself more thoroughly for the place.

He held this position until 1839, when he resigned it, that he might have more leisure for literary pursuits.

When twenty-five years of age, he married Mary Stower Potter, of Portland ; after the death of this lady, which occurred within a few years, he married Frances Elizabeth Appleton, of Boston. Her father gave her, at the time of their marriage, the house which Washington had made his headquarters, during the siege of Boston. This became the poet's permanent home. After eighteen years of happy married life, Mrs. Longfellow was snatched away by a horrible death, that of burning. Her husband never recovered from the shock and the grief caused by this event. He lived chiefly in retirement for the remaining years of his life. In the year '82, he passed quietly away, an old man full of honors as of years, and loved and revered by all who knew him. Especially was he loved and revered by the young, and was called the children's poet. When the "spreading chestnut tree," which he immortalized in his poem of "The Village Blacksmith," was struck by lightning and killed, years after the poem was written, the children of the neighborhood had a chair made of it for him to whom its fame was due.

It was in the spring, the season, that he loved so well, that he left the world budding into new life, fresh with the first green of the meadows and gay with the songs of birds.

He wrote many sonnets and short stories in verse ; in all his lines there is a soft echo of the great voice of nature ; we hear it as we read of rippling brooks, of rustling woods, of the waves washing upon the shore. In many of his poems, there is a touch of sadness, a shadow, as of sorrow which time has softened, but cannot efface.

One of his short, descriptive poems is entitled " Woods in Winter " The winter scene is beautifully described. The trees uprear their leafless branches to the cold, gray sky. Not a bird nor an insect is heard ; the very brooks, that babbled merrily in the gay summer months, are now silent beneath

clear sheets of ice. The wind whistles among the dry weed stalks in the hollows, tossing the brown leaves in air, and threatening to tear away the few that have clung to the oak-trees. The drear woods of mid-winter inspire one with an awe which they cannot command when clothed in green and fragrant with sweet flowers.

One of the most popular of his poems is "Courtship of Miles Standish." John Alden, the hero of the story, was an ancestor of Longfellow's; the youngest of these whom the Mayflower brought; the first to set foot on Plymouth Rock. He is young, "fair-haired, azure-eyed, with delicate Saxon complexion;" we first see him bending over the letters which are to carry his secret back to the dear mother country; to tell his friends at home of his love for Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, whom he has followed over the seas to the barren shores of New England. She came for the sake of religion; he came that he might be near her. As he writes, his friend, Miles Standish, paces the room uneasily, talking of wars and campaigns, and of the great Julius Cæsar, whose commentaries lie on the shelf beside the Bible, and whom he admired as only a soldier can. John Alden writes on, scarcely heeding his friend's rambling words, when, suddenly, he is startled by hearing the name of Briscilla. Then, he listens indeed; and stands dazed and confused before the blunt captain, as he tells him to go to Priscilla and say that Miles Standish offers her "the hand and the heart of a soldier." After the first dumb surprise, Alden quotes the captain's favorite maxim, "If you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself;" hoping thus to avoid so painful an errand; but his friend thinks the proverb would not hold good in this instance. Then comes the hard struggle between love and friendship; but "friendship prevailed over love, and Alden went on his errand."

He reaches the humble dwelling, and finds Priscilla at her wheel; he tells her the object of his errand, in an awkward boyish fashion, but fondly imagines all is well, as he talks of the captain's triumphs and praises his valor, until the modest Priscilla, overcome by her love of fun, forgets she is a puritan maiden, and asks with twinkling eye: "Why don't you speak

for yourself, John?" This stops the flow of his eloquence, and he rushes madly out into the forest.

The story is told to Miles Standish: the captain is angry, thinks his friend has betrayed his trust, and when he is called suddenly away by war with the indians, he buckles on his sword and goes out into the wilds of the forest, without even a parting word to John Alden. Then came months of fighting and danger: danger in which the soldier gloried. He gave hardly a thought to Priscilla; when he did think of her, it was only to say: "What I thought was a flower, is only a weed and is worthless."

Meanwhile Alden was true to his friend: he often talked with Priscilla, as she sat at her wheel, talked with her as with a sister, but never one word of love did he speak. Once as they sat thus, Alden talked of her industry, comparing her to "Bertha, the beautiful spinner," who spun as she rode on her palfrey; told her that some day mothers would tell their daughters of "the good old days of Priscilla, the spinner." She reproved him for the flattering words, saying he must not be idle, that if girls should be told of Priscilla, that boys should hear from their sires of "the good old days of John Alden," so saying she laughingly put a skein of thread over his hands.

As she wound her ball, untangling the thread and scolding him for his awkwardness, suddenly the door was burst open, breathless, telling the terrible news that Miles Standish was dead, had been killed by the Indians.

Forgetting his grief for his friend and feeling only that he was free, free after long months of waiting, John Alden clasped to his heart the maid for whom alone it beat. The barrier was removed and forever; he exclaimed fervently: "Those whom the Lord hath united, let no man put them asunder"

Now the wedding day is at hand: the friends and neighbors have come together to see the simple wedding of the fair young couple whom every one blesses. When the ceremony is ended, a silence falls upon all, for there, on the threshold, stands a figure like that of Miles Standish. For a moment there is doubt and confusion; then the figure advances and taking the bridegroom's hand asks for forgiveness for all that

is past. Yes, t'is the captain of Plymouth, who is soon overcome with attentions and declares he would rather invade many Indian camps than go again to a wedding uninvited. He salutes the bride, "gravely and after the manner of old fashioned gentry in England, something of camp and of court, of town and of country commingled."

The good people of Plymouth are anxious to get to their work, so each one goes to his field or his vineyard. Alden brings out a snow-white bull upon which Priscilla mounts to ride to her new home, the house which Alden has built with thoughts and dreams of her. As they pass through the forest, her husband walking fondly by her side, all nature seems to greet them.

"Like a picture it seemed of the primitive pastoral ages.
Fresh with the youth of the world and recalling Rebecca
and Isaac,
Old and yet ever new and simple and beautiful always,
Love immortal and young in the endless succession of
lovers."

MARY EVELYN DAVIS,
Rockbridge Baths, Va.

STORIES ABOUT DOGS.

There have been many interesting dogs belonging to various members of our family, but they lived many years ago, and all that we have had since I can remember have been quite common place. My grandmother once had a very large mastiff whose name was Brick. One summer she undertook to raise some ducks, and Brick, though he knew all about chickens and understood that he must not trouble them, did not know what to make of the soft, waddling new-comers. After the ducks had been out of their pen several days, they began to be missed one by one, and finally it was discovered that Brick was killing one each day. He restricted himself to this number, and killed one every day until only three were

left. Then the cook determined that she would cure him, and holding one of the dead ducks under his nose, beat him until he was thoroughly tired of being reminded of ducks. The three remaining ducks were not well cared for by their mother and soon died, though Brick had no hand in the matter whatever. After that the old duck made a nest in Brick's kennel, laid her eggs and raised a brood there. The new family lived there until they were weaned, and found in him a faithful friend and protector.

One of my uncles once had a hunting dog named Hector : this dog had long been his master's pet but one day as his master started home from a friend's house, he gave Hector a small basket to carry. This basket was well covered over, to be sure, but that did not prevent Hector from knowing what was in it. He had hardly taken it in his mouth, when, to his dismay, he heard the whine of a puppy. He considered the matter and soon determined that that puppy should never usurp his place in his master's affections. So trotting on ahead he soon came to a wood and hid the puppy in a hollow log. On reaching home, my uncle found Hector there looking very meek and humble. He asked him what he had done with the puppy, and Hector tucked his tail under and trotted off. On following him, his master saw him go straight to the log and get the poor little puppy out.

MARY EVELYN DAVIS.

FAVORITE HYMNS AND THEIR AUTHORS.

Of all modes of worship, hymn singing is perhaps the most universally popular. Someone has said that "a verse may find him who a sermon flies." There is something in this wedding of sacred words to music, which, although the intellect is incapable of being touched, may find its way to the heart.

As we offer our best to God in other particulars, so we should in this. A hymn should be as nearly perfect as possi-

ble in every respect, as well in style of composition as in sentiment. Although poorly written hymns may be the expression of very pious sentiments and fervent emotions, yet, if their authors have not in connection with their piety, the ability to express their thoughts well, these writings should not be adopted into the general usage of the Church ; for we must consider the effect these hymns may have upon after generations of those who use them. Suppose that an unbelieving, and, at the same time, intellectual person should be seeking for the truth and should examine, among other things, the hymns of Christians as an expression of their faith ; if he should chance upon a verse unworthy of the subject into which he is searching, uninspiring, ordinary, and perhaps containing false doctrine smeared over with semi-religious, sentimental words ; what opinion will he have of the Christian religion, or its accepted form of worship ? A hymn, however, may be utterly devoid of rhetoric or grandeur of sentiment, and yet by its very simplicity commend itself to us : and there are circumstances under which hymns of this nature are the most acceptable. In the Hymnal of the Episcopal Church there are hymns of every variety, suited to the various seasons of the church year, to personal devotions, and all circumstances of human life. Her greatest hymn, however, is not contained in the Hymnal, but forms a part of the morning service in the Prayer Book. It has been in use for over 1400 years, though not in the exact form in which we now have it. The story of this "Te Deum's" having been sung by St. Ambrose under inspiration while baptising St. Augustine, is probably nothing more than a beautiful legend, though it is possible that he did make use of at least a part of it during this ceremony. Other authorities say that it was written by Hillary, a saintly French Bishop. in the year 300 A. D., but passages almost identical with parts of it have been found in the writings of St. Clement of Alexandria which makes beginning date from the second century after Christ. The earliest notices of its use have been at times of great general thanksgiving, as at the celebration of the victory of Dettingen, for which Handel wrote his famous Te Deum. However, the Te Deum

was not incorporated into the regular use of the Prayer Book until the time of Edward VI.

Turning now to that form of sacred song which is more generally termed "hymn," we find that the saints of all ages have chosen most frequently this style of writing to express their praise of God.

Francis Lyte, during the last few months of suffering from a mortal disease, constantly prayed that he might be enabled to write a hymn which would live forever in the church. His prayer was answered, and to-day we sing with soul uplifted and a consciousness of the Father's nearness, his death song :

"Abide with me : fast falls the eventide."

One of the greatest mediaeval hymn writers was St. Bernard, whose productions are all of a rich free type. His "Jerusalem the golden," which in our Hymnal has been divided into four parts, was originally one long poem. The spirit of the times in which he lived is easily discernible in this hymn. When the approach of the year 1000 was awaited with so much terror and fear by the worldly, and with so great religious enthusiasm by the more spiritually minded, St. Bernard sang,

'The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late,
Be sober and keep vigil,
The judge is at the gate,"

To the same writer has also been attributed the beautiful hymn, so full of pious love and trust, "Jesus, the very thought of thee."

In the latter part of the 18th century, lived Bishop Heber to whom we owe some of the most beautiful hymns in our Church. Bishop Heber was not only a churchman, but also a literary man of merit ; his rank in English literature was fixed upon the publication of his well known poem, "Palestine." Marked poetical ability was displayed from his earliest years and his favorite recreation in later life was to make use of this gift of hymn writing, hoping to improve the devotional poetry of the Church. His is the hymn which we regularly use at Communion season,

"Bread of the world, in mercy broken,"

and the well known hymn, embodying the doctrine of the Trinity,

“Holy ! Holy ! Holy ! Lord God almighty.”

In the latter part of his life, moved by a zealous love of missionary work, he accepted the bishopric of Calcutta, where he spent all the remaining years of his life, laboring amidst great hardships until his death. He has breathed the very spirit of his work into the old familiar missionary hymn,

“From Greenland’s icy mountains.”

Philips Brooks, the well known and widely loved bishop of Massachusetts, whose death occurred but recently, made an invaluable addition to our Hymnal in his Christmas hymn, so beautiful in diction and poetic conception,

“O, Little town of Bethlehem.”

The following hymn by Milman, an English divine of great eminence, is perhaps the most perfect in form of composition, in grandeur and beauty of sentiment of all in our Hymnal :

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Hark ! all the tribes hosanna cry ;
O Savior meek, pursue Thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed,

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O’er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
The angel armies of the skies
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
Thy last and fiercest strife is nigh ;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Expects his own anointed son

Ride on ! ride on in majesty !
In lowly pomp ride on to die ;

Bow Thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy power and reign.

VIRGINIA HULLIHEN,
Staunton, Va.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

I.

AUNT POLLY.

Far back in the mountains of East Tennessee lives an old woman known to all her friends as "Old Aunt Polly." Her house is a tiny three-roomed affair of logs and mud with a stove-pipe chimney. In this little hut she lives with her ten children, yet no traveler, wearied by climbing those wild thinly-settled hills, has ever been refused shelter there. Aunt Polly's heart is as large as her house is small.

When very young she married a man known to the mountaineers as "Moonshine Bill." In appearance he was a typical moonshiner, but he possessed none of the mean, ignoble traits that characterise these people. "Polly," as she was then called, worshipped the great, tall, handsome man, and he in his turn thought no one could equal his "Polly." They went to live in the little three-roomed cabin where Bill thought they would be out of the reach of the sheriff and his officers. The rude mountaineers cannot understand the law. Beyond theft and murder they know no wrong. Peace and contentment are their highest aims, and the executors of the law they consider a bloodthirsty crew who come to steal away their only means of support.

For a long time Bill and Polly lived a simple, peaceful life. One day about sunset the family were seated at their evening meal. Bill was gazing proudly upon Lengthy Jim, his first born, and Polly was beaming upon rosy-cheeked, little Ann with a smile that bespoke perfect contentment. The ten children were eating their coarse brown bread and were chat-

tering happily. At Bill's feet lay faithful old Jip, but the dog did not seem to share in the general feeling of safety. Every now and then he would raise his big brown head and prick his ears uneasily. "Wonder wha's the matter with Jip, Pa," remarked Lengthy Jim, "he do'n seem like his self."

The boy's question was answered only too soon. Without warning five armed men dashed into the rooms—the dreaded sheriff and his officers. The frightened wife and children retreated but Bill fought with his fist like a madman, and the strong mountaineer was no ill match for his opponents. The women of Bald Knob, accustomed as they are to all kinds of out door labor, are as strong and as brave as the men. Polly rushed to the aid of her husband, and, seizing the old gun that hung on the wall, fired. Instantly the leader fell. Rapid shots followed. The curses of the men and the cries of the terrified children could be heard above the din. The battle did not continue long. When the sun had set, brave, great-hearted Bill lay across the floor—dead.

From that day Aunt Polly's hair was snowy white, but her spirit and courage never deserted her. For years she supported herself and younger children by fishing. It is wonderful how little these people can live on. Every day the white-haired, bent old woman might be seen sitting far out on a projecting rock over the river, her bare feet hanging down into the water, and her eyes fastened on the end of the pole which she was holding. She was an expert in the art of angling, and the beautiful speckled trout from the Nola Chucky always brought excellent prices. I shall never forget the first time I met Aunt Polly. Papa and I were fishing up in those regions, and stopped at the little log hut to get out of the rain. The old woman almost embraced us in her effort to extend a hospitable greeting, and, after we were seated, hustled about continually, trying to add to our comfort. She was certainly an interesting object. Her white hair was parted neatly and tied with a red string into a funny little knot at the back of her head. The short, narrow calico dress was gathered at the neck and waist with white strings. The hem of the skirt reached only a few inches below Aunt Polly's knees, display-

ing a pair of very brown ankles, and generous feet of a still darker hue.

In a little while the rain ceased, and papa and I prepared to continue our journey. Aunt Polly gathered up her pole, bait, and bucket, and accompanied us down to her accustomed fishing pool. We left her sitting out on the big flat rock, her bait in her broad straw hat, and her bucket in her lap. I looked back as we left her. She was not looking at us, but I could see her poor, old, worn, sad face. Her eyes were fastened on the pole, but I could see that her thoughts were not there. I believe she was thinking of the happy days long before I could remember, and of—Bill.

LUCILE DEADERICK,

II.

AN OLD BACHELOR.

Mr.S. is a country gentleman, perhaps fifty years old, and is an ideal bachelor. He has large, twinkling blue eyes that look straight at you, a goodnatured but determined expression and a long beard—now a trifle gray. His hair is generally combed carelessly back from his forehead, though he evidently intends it to be parted. He is six feet one inch in height and about half that number in breadth. Four years' service in the Confederate army has added unusual straightness to his broad shoulders and he walks with a quick martial step. He is not handsome, but altogether, prepossessing. It is to Mr. S. that I owe my knowledge of the alphabet, and that fact alone would prove his patience. He is now enjoying the fruits of a life-long business career, and for recreation continues to dabble in politics and to look after the chickens on his country farm.

This summer it was my good fortune to spend two weeks at his delightful old place, and I thoroughly enjoyed every minute. One day we planned to go fishing and the next morning a crowd composed of all ages, sizes and colors, together with baskets, boxes and bundles was packed into three large skiffs and we started for a creek five miles distant.

As is the case with most fat people, Mr. S. is inclined to be lazy at times, and during the ride he vainly tried to shirk his part of the rowing. All along the way up the creek he pointed out the places where many years before, I had caught mud-turtles or where I had rolled off a sand-bar into the water and had been dipped out again, very wet, very dirty and very sulky.

On reaching the creek, we scrambled out of the boats, and soon everyone was busy trying to catch fish, and talk at the same time. "Cap'n," as he is usually called by the neighbors, wandered about with his pole on his shoulder and baited hooks for the rest of us, occasionally getting very much vexed with me, because I was always ready for "another worm," and only one poor little trout hung on my string.

Twelve o'clock came and we feasted—a dinner of fish and corn-bread eaten on the sand-bar of a creek beats all the M. B. S. feasts ever spread. During the meal the "Cap'n" entertained the party with war stories and jokes, told in a most original manner. He is as deaf as a post, and cannot hear what other people say, yet he never fails to laugh long and loud at his own jokes. That evening he attempted to show me how to walk a log across the water, and tumbled in himself! "Great was the fall thereof"! Even here, in this busy place, where high and hard subjects should occupy my mind, I often think of that fall, and laugh loud over the ridiculous appearance he made, as—"Dripping with mud, he rose from the creek."

This dear, plain-spoken old bachelor has given me a great deal of pleasure, and along with that, he has tried to give me many of his good, practical thoughts, on plain, every day subjects.

As I sorrowfully turned the last bend in the road that led away from the farm, I heard him singing ;—

"What a pitiful thing an old bachelor is
On a bitter cold night when the fierce winds blow,
And all the earth is covered with snow."

RUTH WIESS.

III.

AUNT PEGGY

I can see old Aunt Peggy now going through the back gate with her basket on her arm ! She was an honest old soul and very religious too, but not "one of de shoutin' kind," as she used to say. Not knowing her feelings on the subject, I once asked her to shout for me and show me how they did at her "Meeting House," but she made a curtesy and said very positively and politely that "she never did de likes of dat—she didn't comprove of it."

Aunt Peggy, however, did one peculiar thing—she always said her prayers out loud. One night when she was needed in house, I was sent to summon her. When I reached the kitchen door I heard so much talking going on inside that I thought she must have company, but when I listened, I found she was praying. She arose from her knees when I entered and I asked her why she prayed out loud. She said, "Now chile, dat is one of de things dat I don' understan', but you 'quality' folks, when you all thinks 'tis so unpolite to whisper to one another and still you will whisper to de Lord !"

I asked Aunt Peggy one day if she didn't wish she were educated, "No chile" she said "no, dat I don't, I ain't got no wish for larnin', you see dese black Arabs goin' roun' 'bout here wid a little book larnin', but bless my soul, dey ain't got a bit of good hard sense !"

She had had a sad life. Her husband had been dead for many years and only two of her ten children were now living, one was a son in the west who never wrote to her except for money when he was in trouble. The other, however, was a good, faithful daughter who lived not far from our place.

Every Sunday afternoon I used to read something from the Bible to her and she always declared that those hours were the happiest of the week, for notwithstanding her black skin and grum words, Aunt Peggy had a sincere heart, full of love for her Saviour and faith in Him.

Aunt Peggy died several years ago. It was my first sorrow, for I had loved her very dearly and could not bear the

idea of seeing some one else fill her place.

MARY D. CASON.

IV

“MADEMOISELLE DEFARGE.”

In the suburbs of New Orleans there lives a queer little woman, named M’lle Defarge. Her parents were formerly members of one of the leading families of Paris. but on account of the loss of their fortune, and other troubles, they sought refuge in America. Grief over their disgrace, as they considered it, soon proved fatal, and they both died leaving their only daughter, M’lle Defarge, to fight the battle of life alone.

Unfortunately she is not one of those strong characters who are able to cast aside all false pride, and adapt themselves to their circumstances. Instead of developing a capability for helping herself, she depends on “what has been” for a support.

You could not fail to notice Mademoiselle even in the crowded streets of New Orleans for she is always arrayed in some ancient piece of finery that is in striking and inharmonious contrast with the rest of her clothing—a piece of once costly French lace, torn and soiled, over a coarse garment, a once fine veil over the most outlandish of bonnets.

If you meet Mademoiselle, and stop to speak a few pleasant words to her, she is sure to give you an account of the wonderful deeds committed by her forefathers, and of the luxury that surrounded them. At the close of these accounts she always says, “So you see I have known better days than these.”

Go to her home and you will find that every thing has an air of “broken-down aristocracy” about it. The furniture consists of a few shabby fine pieces, instead of the plain and neat pieces, that would be so much more suited to the mistress. If any of her friends give her advice in this line, she sees in her advisers only a determination to interfere with her because they are jealous of her.

She is exhausting her resources, but cannot think of working for that would be beneath the dignity of a descendant of her family. When her neighbors offer to give her aid, she declines to receive it with haughty thanks, because she does not want to be under obligation to any one.

The poor creature has, now, sunk into utter poverty, and is supported mainly by provisions and other necessities of life that are placed at her door by unknown hands.

LILLIAN SCALES.

I.

CORNEILLE ET RACINE.

Corneille et Racine, ces deux poètes français, qui seuls suffiraient à la gloire d'une littérature, étaient placés par une rare générosité de Providence, dans un intervalle de peu d'années, mais en lisant leurs ouvrages, et en étudiant leurs personnages, nous trouvons autant de différences entre eux, que s'il y avait été une centaine d'ans entre leurs carrières.

C'est vrai qu'il y a entre eux une petite ressemblance. Ils ont tous deux obéi implicitement aux règles rigoureuses du drame français ; nous trouvons dans toutes leurs pièces cette unité sévère que Corneille subit et dont Racine porta le joug plus légèrement.

Tous deux cherchèrent exclusivement dans la nature morale la source de leur puissance. Leurs tableaux ne sont pas des portraits, mais des types ;—ce sont des idées qui ont pris sous leurs mains un corps et un visage.

Mais ici la ressemblance cesse. Dans les sujets qu'ils ont choisis, dans les caractères qu'ils ont esquissés et surtout dans les sentiments qu'ils ont inspirés, ils sont tout à fait différents.

C'est une chose curieuse qu'un poète, si grand que Corneille, un qui s'est montré maître de tant de passions et de tant d'émotions du coeur humain, ou ne pouvait pas traiter, ou n'essayait jamais, la grande passion de l'amour. Excepté

dans le cas de Chimène. son principe invariable semble être celui d'une de ses héroïnes :

“ Laissons seigneur, laissons pour des petits âmes, ce commerce rampant de soupirs et de flammes ” L'admiration fut le sentiment qu'il chercha faire naître;—l'admiration pour tout ce qui est noble et grand ; mais de ce sentiment naturellement calme, il fit une passion aussi entraînante que noble. Malgré toutes ses fautes, Corneille au moins atteignit le but suprême de l'art : il sut à la fois émouvoir les âmes et les élever. “ Il se fit une haute conception du pouvoir de l'homme sur lui-même ; ses héros aiment à se sentir maîtres de leurs résolutions, à ployer les hommes et les événements sous la toute-puissance de leur volonté.”

Ses héroïnes, se ressemblent presque toutes. “ Leur amour est subtil, combiné ; ” il sort plus de la tête que du coeur. On sent, tout en lisant, que Corneille connaissait peu les femmes et,—peut-être pour cette raison,—encore moins l'amour.

Racine au contraire était le poète par excellence de l'amour. Il paraît dans ses pièces avec une délicatesse, une vérité qu'on ne trouve point ailleurs. Nous l'y voyons dans toutes ses nuances, du sentiment le plus tendre jusqu'aux transports les plus ardents, et tout environné d'une auréole poétique.

Au fait, toute sa tragédie est une suite de grands tableaux de l'amour ; amour timide et souffrant ; amour hardi et déterminé ; amour plein de regrets et de pitié qui veut pardonner ; amour jaloux qui respire la vengeance et le sang ; amour désespéré qui se venge sur lui-même et se punit.

La tragédie de Racine n'est pas la tragédie comme chez Corneille ; c'est une chose tout à fait différente. “ Ce n'est pas l'héroïsme devenu entraînant ; c'est la passion devenue héroïque. Le ressort dramatique n'est plus l'admiration, mais l'attendrissement.”

Racine peut-être est moins sublime dans ses conceptions que Corneille ; ses héros ne sont pas si grands, si généreux, si vaillants que ceux de son rival ; mais ils sont plus humains plus naturels ; il a esquissé l'homme tel qu'il est, pas tel qu'il devrait être. Les passions des rois et des héros desquels

ses pièces sont peuplées, sont les passions de l'humanité, et les oeuvres de Racine resteront impérissables comme elles.

N. W. McFARLAND.

II.

MON AMIE. (Paraphrase.)

J'ai une Amie, tres chérie,
Un être que j'aime plus que moi-même,
Et je cherche un nom qui lui dira,
Du fond de mon coeur, que je l'aime.

Un nom qui dit plus que " ma chérie,"
Qui n'est pas si banal que " ma vie,"
Qui est encore plus doux que " mon trésor,"
Qui est mièvre et tendre et joli.

Mais pour trouver ce nom doux et tendre.
Dois-je lire les sages tour à tour ?
Puis-je voler les trésors des poètes
Qui ont écrit et chanté d'amour ?

Puis-je lire les vers de Du Bartas
Ou les tomes pésants d'Etienne,
Ah non ! car ni poète ni savant
Avait amante si belle que la mienne.

Et je connais un mot bref et tendre,
C'est vieux, mais pourtant tres doux.
Je dirai seulement " mon amie,"
Et ça lui exprimera tout.

N. W. McF.

“ LA MARE AU DIABLE.”

C' est une des plus charmantes histoires que George Sand a écrites. Les personnages ne sont pas des aristocrates, nous y trouvons les gens que nous voyons chaque jour. Les incidents sont pittoresque et intéressants et les caractères possèdent notre intérêt du commencement jusqu' à la fin.

Nous ne pouvons pas décider lequel nous admirons le plus le petit Pierre ou le père Maurice qui voulait bien voir son fils, Germain, heureux avec une autre femme.

La femme de Germain était morte et comme il était si triste, son père a voulu qu' il allât chercher une seconde femme à Fourche, alors il est allé, accompagné d' une petite voisine qui s'appelait Marie, cette jeune fille alla jusqu' aux Ormeaux avec lui, où elle devait être une bergère ; malheureusement pour les projets, mais heureusement pour lui, comme il était devenu fort amoureux de cette fille et enfin s'est marié avec elle.

Marie est une jeune fille de seize ans qui n' avait jamais pensé à l'amour ou d'avoir les prétendants et elle est si jolie et si charmante qu'on l'aime et l'admire tout de suite.

Elle est seulement une petite bergère qui avait passé toute sa courte vie en pauvreté, mais cependant elle est restée pure et innocente avec le cœur bien placé et une manière si charmante que tout le monde l'aime. Marie a la rare qualité d'ignorer toutes ses charmes, pas de chose étonnante que Germain l'aimait si éperdument.

Le petit Pierre, gâté de tout le monde ! comme il est méchant ! Cependant il est sage, cet enfant ? On ne veut pas qu' il soit autrement, vu qu' il est parfaitement un enfant. Nous n'aimons pas les petits messieurs et les petites dames et Pierre n'est pas comme ça, par exemple, il voulait aller avec Marie et Germain, son père, à la Fourche et quand Germain lui a refusé, il était déterminé d'y aller quand même, alors il s'est promené bien en avant et Marie et Germain l'ont trouvé par le chemin pleurant et sanglotant ; ils ne pouvaient le renvoyer et ainsi il est allé à la Fourche. Petit Pierre savait bien com-

ment tout ça finirait.

Germain est un homme honnête et généreux et il semble capable d'aimer comme il était si amoureux de sa femme et aussi de la petite Marie, mais malgré toutes ses bonnes qualités on ne peut pas admirer Germain autant quand il consentit à tout ce que son père disait de cette seconde mariage avec la veuve Catharine, cependant nous voyons plus tard qu'il a montré assez de courage en refusant absolument cette veuve qui avait déjà trois prétendants auprès d'elle et avec qui, elle a coqueté toujours. Il y avait un grand différence entre cette femme et la petite Marie.

Germain était bien persévérant, mais d'abord il semblait que Marie ne voulait jamais être sa femme, cependant il attendit patiemment jusqu'à elle consentit à se marier avec lui et voilà le comble de la félicité pour Petit-Pierre.

PAMELA CABLE.

I.

“ LA VOIX QUI M'EST CHÈRE.”

Elle était jeune et belle, elle était heureuse et charmante, mais elle avait surtout un bel organe. Elle était l'élève d'un Signor Guerto, il se fiait beaucoup d'une telle élève. Il voulait faire entendre cette belle voix au publique, mais la jeune fille était modeste. Il savait bien qu'il n'y avait pas de question de l'opéra. Enfin il la persuada de chanter dans l'église, et cette voix glorieuse montait jusqu'au ciel rendant gloire à Dieu. Un jour le maître vint et trouva son élève toute radieuse au salon, il voulait commencer la leçon, mais elle rougit, elle avait quelque chose à lui dire. Elle ne prendrait plus de leçons, elle se marierait.

Oh ! comme il était furieux, il allait et venait dans la chambre, il déchirait les cheveux, il prononçait des malédictions qu'elle ne pouvait comprendre, il la pria de changer d'avis, il dit que c'était un crime, que c'était une voix perdue.

Rien est perdu, il ne savait pas, cette voix vit encore.

Elle charmait un sourire au visage d'un bébé, elle en-

seignait des mots aux petit lèvres.

Et le soir, quand la petite avait sommeil après quelques mots de prière elle s'endormait emportée par son ton mélodieux.

L'enfant n'était pas toujours sage, mais la voix était toujours douce la petite devenait honteuse, confuse, pénitente, enfin heureuse,

Quand il fallait aller à l'école, les moments paraissaient comme des heures. Aussitôt qu'elle entendait la cloche. elle courait, quel qu'un l'attendait, elle le savait bien, arrivée au jardin elle entendait son accueil, elle sautait, dansait, elle riait de plaisir. Un jour elle devint bien malade, les petites mains brulantes de fièvre, les paupières qui ne voudraient pas s'ouvrir, et dans la tête quelque chose qui, bat, bat, bat. Elle ne savait pas où elle se trouvait, elle était très souffrante la petite. Tout d'un coup elle entendit la voix. Oh joie ! l'air devint plus fraîche, elle respirait mieux.

Elle était élevé sous cette influence et quoiqu'elle ne fût pas musicienne elle avait le sentiment de la musique.

Un jour, Oh ! triste jour ! on l'appela entendre pour la dernière fois, cette voix qu'elle aimait. Mais non ! ce n'était pas pour la dernière fois, elle l'entend encore, elle l'entendra dans toute l'éternité.

Est-ce qu'on peut dire que cette voix est perdue ?

Qui l'oserait dire ?

Ce n'est pas le tombeau qui peut la renfermer, ni même le ciel.

Au sommet de la montagne,
Quand la nuit est tombée,
Et la terre se repose
J'entends au loin chanté
Les hymnes du chœur céleste.
Et la voix qui m'est chère
Est plus haute que les restes.
C'est un écho on dit,
Mais un écho qui m'appelle,
Qui me guide, que je suis.

ETHEL AGNES HOLMES.

I.

EIN MÄRCHEN.

Eines Tages sass die Parze vor ihrem Gewebe, und entwarf mit flinken Fingern das geheimnisvolle Bild auf dem sie unauthörllich wirkt; hier, zeichnet sie mit königlicher Purpurfarbe das Leben des Pallastes; dort, mit der Nature Grüne den stillen Lebenslauf der Hirten in vaterländischen Thälern; hier, mit dunkeln Farben, die gleichfließende Handarbeit der Stadt. In einer vereinzelten Ecke, zeichnet sie mit einem wunderschönen, buntschillernden Faden, die Grundlinien einer niedlichen Figur. Das war ein reizender Faden! Auf der Aussenseite konnte man die tausenden Töne des Morgenhimmels sehen, die das Herz mit Freude erfüllen. Aber noch tiefer blickend, sah er einen Streif von der Farbe des Herzensblutes, der immer in der Mitte des Fadens lag. Die Parze sah diesen Faden mit Zufriedenheit an, als das Bild verschönerte. Endlich sagte sie mitleidig: „Du bist zu zärtlich. Du kannst deine Arbeit nicht immer allein thun.“ Dann zog sie von ihrem Haufen einen dicken Faden von tiefem, reichlichen Tone aus, und verflocht die beiden zusammen. So ging die Arbeit fort. Plötzlich sah die Parze von dem Saume der Einrahnung hängend, einen kleinen schwarzbraunen Faden. Sie konnte aber, keinen Platz für ihn finden. Endlich, halb unwillig, windete sie ihn um den zwei andern in der Ecke. Da klebte er fest. Und nun wirkt sie fort mit dem dreifachen Seil. Sie hängen fest zu einander, und bilden eine Figur. Ich hoffe es wird am Ende schön

II.

DAS RÖSLEIN.

(Eine Paraphrase.)

Es bluth' ein schönes Röslein,
- Ein Röslein roth und fein.
Ein Knabe sah es wachsend,

Und wünscht' die Rose klein.
 Ach, armes, armes Blümchen
 Ach, armes Röselein !

„Ich liebe dich, du Schöne,“
 Sprach Knab', „und du sollst mein.“
 „Ach, brech' mich nicht, du Böser,
 Sonst thu'ich dich ein Pein!“
 Sagte das arme Blümchen,
 Das arme Röselein !

Der wilde Knabe aber,
 Griff rauh das Blümelein
 Der Dorn auf seinem Stamme
 Stach scharf dem Knaben ein,
 Ach, armes, armes Blümchen.
 Ach, armes Röselein !

J. HULLIHEN.

DIE ZWEI THORE.

Es giebt in einigen Theilen der grossen Stadt, London, enge Strassen, schmutzige Hütte und arme unwissende Leute, die mit wenigen Gulden des Tages nur, das Leben zu behalten streben.

Aus einer der reinsten, aber armsten dieser Strassen trat jeden Tag ein zartes, etwas ruhiges Mädchen mit einem Körbchen auf dem Arme, das zu verkaufende Blümchen hielt.

Sie nahm ihren Weg nach der schönsten Strasse der ganzen Stadt, wo in hohen, feinen Häusern die edelsten und reichsten Leute von London wohnten.

Hier stand sie vor einem Thor und blickte sehnsuchtig zu den Fenstern des Hauses hinauf.

Eines Tages als das Mädchen auf einem grossen Stein vor diesem Thore, mit halb geleertem Körbchen und traurigem Blick ruhte, lief schnell ein Knab' die Strasse hinab. Er hatte ein lachendes Gesicht, etwas blondes Harr, das in kleinen

Ringlein um sein Gesicht fiel und ihm eine vornehme Aussicht gab. Er hielt vor dem Mädchen und schaute sie an mit grossen, bewundernden Augen.

Die zwei waren Freunde vom ersten Anblick,—ganz verschieden im Charakter, doch durch dieselbe grosse Ursache zusammen gebunden, denn jedes Kind strebte, noch so jung, das Leben zu behalten.

Jeden Tag stand das Mädchen vor dem Thore und suchte ihre Blumen zu verkaufen, und der Knabe ging mit dem Besen bis zu die Querstrasse. Aber wann die Lichte der Stradt über ihnen umher schienen, kam er zurück und beide spielten noch eine Weile zusammen. Da sassen sie auf dem grossen Stein vor einer der Thüre und schauten oben in den Wolken, wo unter die Sterne, sagte das Mädchen, gab es ein schönes, goldenes Thor vor welchem die lieblichsten, weissbekleideten Kinder spielten. Die Blumen da, verkauften die Kinder nicht; sie blühten im Winter unter den Füssen des Königs. Auch nach dieses Reichthum in den Wolken führt ein wunderschöner Pfad und bald würde ein Fremde kommen und ihnen diesen Pfad zum ewigen Heimat zeigen.

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Einer Nacht, wann der Schnee in grossen schweren Flocken fiel, wann die ganze Stadt mit weissem Decke umhüllt war, kam wieder der Knabe und fand, als gewöhnlich, das kleine Mädchen auf dem Stein sitzen. Diesmal, aber, waren ihre Wangen dünn und bleich; ihre Stimme stöckte, als sie, das Märchen erzählte, und als sie das Ende erreichte, als küsste sie der Knab', sah er dass der Fremde gekommen war und wollte das Mädchen auf den schönen Plad zum Himmel hoch oben in den Wolken führen, da vor dem himlischen Thor zu spielen.

SHARP WILLIAMS.

The Annual

—cf—

The Mary Baldwin Seminary.

VOL. VII.

STAUNTON, VA., MAY, 1897.

NO. I.

Our little world within the Mary Baldwin has been pursuing the even tenor of its way this term, very much as in all terms of its past history.

The hours, the days, the nights have been spent according to historic precedent and schedule.

The student body have been decorous in conduct, faithful in study, and have made creditable attainments.

The health of the young ladies has been very good, due to regular and uniform exercise in the walk, or in the gymnasium, and the immediate attention given by Miss Price, the intendant of the Infirmary, when needed.

The teachers and professors have "kept at it" with unvarying fidelity, and there will be at the end of 1896 and 1897, some as well equipped graduates of the A. B. and A. M. courses, and of the departments of Music and Art as the A. F. S., or the M. B. S., has ever turned out.

We all regret to give up Nettie Lambuth Du Bose, who receives both her A. M. diploma and her diploma in Music. She has been a student in Miss Baldwin's school for seven years, and will leave with her mother and dear little Pierre, for her chosen work in the mission field of China in August.

We trust that the training received in her Alma Mater may be blessed to her eminent usefulness in the land of Sinim.

The school as a whole is greatly profited by sitting morning and evening under the instruction of our admirable teacher and preacher, Rev. Dr. A. M. Fraser.

His sermons are carefully and accurately prepared, logical, clear, edifying. After hearing him from Sabbath to Sabbath, we are not "built up in the faith" *by just anybody*.

About the only innovation of the session is the adoption of the white duck suit and sailor hat as a uniform for the early fall and the spring—on the side of the simplicity and economy becoming a school girl.

The roll of the school has been larger than last term.

There has been the usual measure of happiness and of sorrow within our walls and within our little community, as within the great world without ; but, all things considered, the year has been a prosperous and happy one, whereof we are glad.

NEWS FROM THE OLD GIRLS.

Bettie Pearsall and Irene McMillan exchanged visits this winter ; they also attended the Mardri Gras at New Orleans.

Last winter Josephine Fawcett visited Mildred Ellis at her home in Hickory, North Carolina. Dame Rumor says that Joe is to be married this summer. She is the girl who was "going to teach music as soon as she left school" ?

Jessie York is teaching in Boston, and is now Professor York.

Mary Reynolds is a dignified school-mistress, ruling her scholars with a rod of iron. Mary Haw visited her at Hampden Sidney last winter and had a lovely time.

Sue Hamilton visited her mother for several days at Christmas. We are always glad to see Sue's bright face among us.

Daisye Yarbrough after spending a part of the winter in Staunton, returned to her home in Richmond, where, we hear, she is quite a belle.

Margaret Van Horn is studying elocution in Boston. She expects to make her debut in Fort Russell this summer.

Annie Riddle spent several days with her sister last fall, on account of her health.

Eleanor Preston gave up her medical course at the Philadelphia, Woman's College. She expects to continue the course next year. As secretary of the Young Woman's Christian Association, she will lead the conference held at Asheville, North Carolina. Eleanor made us a short visit in March. We were glad to welcome her into our midst.

Ada Taylor was married last winter.

Nannie Waller spent the summer at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. She and Irene Stephens will visit Edna Glover this summer.

Katharine Klyce is teaching at Dyersburg, Tennessee.

Irene Taylor visited in Staunton last summer. She is now having a delightful time at her home in Pine Bluff.

Marie Rouse visited Annie Allen last winter.

Sallie Fauntleroy is teaching in Jackson, Louisiana.

Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Mattie Wheatly to Lucy Sheffield's brother. Accept our congratulations, Mattie.

Carrie Wilder visited Sallie Henderson in March. A recent letter from Carrie says that she and Sallie are visiting Reba Bridges at her home in Hancock, Maryland.

Lena Budd is studying elocution in Boston.

Marie Roe made her debut in December, and has been having a lovely time.

Florence Cabell spent the winter at Hanover Court House, Virginia.

Mattie Gilkeson passed through Staunton on her way to Washington. She spent one day with us.

Hattie Mack visited friends in Pittsburg last winter.

Last summer, Carrie Crawford visited Mary Link at her lovely home in Rushville, Indiana.

We sometimes catch a glimpse of Sallie Hamilton's bright face.

Edith Holbrook was called home by the illness of her mother. She will not return this year. Edith is very much missed by all her friends.

Irene Stephens visited Estelle Jones during the Christmas holiday.

Mary Best spent several days at the Seminary renewing old acquaintances.

Julia Aunspaugh is teaching at Peace Institute.

Amanda Frierson visited in St. Louis last winter.

Clara Mathews visited in Henderson, Kentucky, last December

Laura Thomas is to be married in the near future. We wish her much happiness.

Nannie and May Graham were in Staunton last winter.

Belle Laneer was married this last winter.

Nannie McFarland spent the past winter in Brooklyn.

Josephine Stephenson calls upon us occasionally.

Fannie Colbert was in Staunton for a short time this spring. She is becoming quite a famous singer. We were delighted with the beautiful solo she sang at the church the Sunday she was here.

Annie Singleton is teaching in Florida.

The death of Louise Stubbs was a great shock to all of us. She was one of the noblest girls and was loved by all her school friends. We were also greatly grieved to hear of the death of Blanche O'Boyle at her home in Vincennes, Indiana.

Bessie Smith is married and lives in China.

Mrs. Maggie Lancaster Davidson a student at the Seminary in the '70's died last March. She was a lovely woman and her death is a great loss to the community in which she has lived so long.

Janie Weeden was married in April to Mr. B. H. Wilkins.

Nelle Symmes visited Irene Lescher last winter.

Liela Morgan was in Texas last winter visiting Mary Mendel.

Sadie Meltz is studying art in Washington. One of her pictures was accepted by the Comos Art Company. It was quite a compliment to her talent, and we congratulate her upon her success.

Grace Davis expects to visit Fay Kearby this summer.

MARRIAGES.

Olive Brown—Mrs. Charles Hunter, Staunton, Virginia.
 Mary Heneberger—Mrs. George G. Hering, Harrison-
 burg, Va.

Addavale Kincaid—Mrs. J. Thomas Griffin, Ga.

Minnie Gospel—Mrs. William S. Manns, Port Gibson,
 Miss.

Agnes Catlett—Mrs. Pierce Winn, Owingsville, Ky.

Nellie Williams—Mrs. Barschall Andrews, Columbus,
 Ga.

Aletheia Foster—Mrs. Benton McMillin, Shreveport, La.
 Eleanor Fields—Mrs. H. C. McClenahan, Austin, Texas.

Sadie Coswel—Mrs. E. D. Rone, Beaumont, Texas

Julia Forchsimer—Mrs. Louis L. Kaufman, Charleston,
 W. Va.

Olivia Summers—Mrs. Charles Holmes, Birmingham,
 Ala.

St. Lawrence Fleming—Mrs. L. Robertson—Spartanburg,
 S. C.

Jane Baird—Mrs. G. N. Vardy, Wheeling, W. Va.

Sadie Van Lear—Mrs. J. B. Cowan, Vicksburg, Miss.

Mary Wiseman—Mrs. H. E. Kendall, Shelby, N. C.

Laura Morgan—Mrs. F. J. Haig, Washington, D. C.

Sara Swanson—Mrs. Joel C. Roper, La Grange, Ga.

Letitia Scott—Mrs. C. S. Bromwell, Washington, D. C.

El'en McClung—Mrs. John W. Green, Knoxville, Tenn.

Nelle Zimmerman—Mrs. Harby B. Harper, Brazil, Ind.

Elizabeth Van Learn—Mrs. T. S. Goff, Roanoke, Va.

Mabel Fields—Mrs. Dan Quinerby, Kingston, N. C.

Emily Bondurant—Mrs. J. F. Strother, Auburn, Ala.
Carrie Niley—Mrs. H. C. Schirmer, Charleston, S. C.
Elizabeth Orto—Mrs. W. N. Tenbock, Pine Bluff, Ark.
May Moore—Mrs. P. T. Whilden, Lawrenceburg, Ky.
Ida May Taylor—Mrs. W. S. Brooks, Wharton, Texas.

OUR GRADUATES.

Of the many girl graduates of the year 1897, we of the M. B. S. may well say that there are none fairer and none more deserving of their honors than those of our own school.

Seven years ago a shy, dark eyed girl from far off China, began her life at the Seminary. This little girl was Nettie Lambuth Du Bose, who graduates this year. Her school life is over. The hours of hard work on Latin, History, Mathematics, and the numerous other studies required, are at an end, and those who know of her faithfulness in these things predict for her a prosperous, and happy future.

Miss Edna Gilkeson, a Virginia girl, is another of our graduates. She has been a pupil, and a faithful one too, of the Seminary for the last five years. Those of us who shall be back next year, shall surely miss her, and often think of her as we go our daily round of duties. These five years have been years of hard study, but now she takes her diploma in both the university course and in Elocution, and she well deserves them both.

Miss Carlotta Kable, who is a Staunton girl, is also a full graduate. She has only been at the Seminary four years, but in that time she has accomplished a great deal, for a great deal is required, and it is not an easy task to obtain a diploma in the university course. Yes, she has worked well and faithfully, and we congratulate her on her success.

Miss Lilye Belle Fox, one of our Academic graduates, is a Southern girl, from the Lone Star State. Her school life at the Mary Baldwin Seminary has been very short, only two years. But during that time she has acquired a sufficient

amount of Latin, French, Mathematics, and of the various other studies, to obtain her diploma in the academic course.

Miss Embra Morton is another Southern girl who graduates this year. She has been a pupil here for three years, and we shall surely miss her bright face and merry laughter when we gather here next year, and she will not be one of our number. Though we shall miss her, still we rejoice over her success, a success that we know has been won by faithful study, and we proffer her our best wishes for the future.

Miss Blanche Shanholtzer is also one of our graduates this year in the academic course. She is a Staunton girl, and has attended the Seminary for the last four years. It is needless to say that these years have not been spent in idleness, for every one knows that no graduate of the Seminary spends her time in that way.

Another of our Staunton girls among the graduates, is Miss Maggie Daniel. She has been a faithful pupil of the Seminary, and an untiring student for some years, and will now receive an academic diploma and also finish the Latin course. When one has accomplished this she has accomplished a great deal, and that she has not wasted her time, we well know.

These are our graduates of 1896-7. and the old Seminary is proud of them.

MARY R. S. BERKELEY.

I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
The school where I was taught
The many times I broke the rules,
The many times I was caught.
I often missed my lessons too,
Which of course some trouble brought
So Saturday at nine o'clock
The "office" stern I sought.

I remember, I remember
That awful breakfast bell,
That always found me nearly dressed,
But not dressed very well.
The quantity I always ate
Was such I dare not tell,
Then, how I had to hurry through
Before they tapped the bell.

I remember, I remember
The early morn mail-call,
How I never got a letter
How other girls got all.
And how I made my downy couch
Upon Miss Strickler's wall.
The wrinkles in the covering
Were something to appall.

I remember, I remember,
Good old commencement day
How all the boys came up to school
And then we went away ;
A few of us to meet again,
Perhaps some future day ;
And others to return to school
A year or more to stay.

AN OLD GIRL.

“ EXCELSIOR ” ORCHESTRA CLUB.

H. Babcock,	}	Violin.
L. B. Fox,		
L. Deaderick,		
J. Wanamaker,		
J. S. Sarkman,	}	
H. Schwarz,	}	Mandolin.
A. Moore,		

E. Owen,	}	Guitar.
A. Wilson,		
E. Lacy,		
L. Sheppard,		
B. Brunson.		
D. McFaddin,		Music Rack
J. Fuqua,		Lamp Girl
		"Accompanists" (extra eaters.)

The following is the favorite song of the orchestra :

SONG OF SERENADER.

I am waiting underneath thy window,
Longing for a sight of thee,
Look out, my dear, and see I am here,
And throw some refreshments to me.

College Colors—Yellow and White : Flower—Daisy.

SCHOOL SONG.

1. Bright Beacon on the rugged hill side
Lighting all lands,
Guide Star to many grateful daughters
Our Alma Mater stands.
Fair fame hath wreathed her ancient portal
With laurels green ;
We bring the buds of sweet affection
And twine the leaves between.
2. All up and down the peaceful valley
Soft echoes ring,
While voices from the years long faded
Blend in the song we sing.
O'er western wave, from empires olden
In cadence come
Brave souls, who bear afar good tidings
And claim thee, home, sweet home.

CHORUS.—White and yellow sing we ever.
All our hearts ye rule !

Fond memories with thee ever linger,
Long live the dear old school.

MISS HOPKINS.

COLLEGE YELLS.

Razzle Dazzle	Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
Hobble gobble	Rah ! Rah ! Res !
Sis boom bah !	Baldwin's, Baldwin's
Baldwin's, Baldwin's,	M. B. S.
Rah ! Rah ! Rah !	

APPLIED TITLES OF BOOKS.

" A Tramp of Abroad "—April 15th, 1897.
" All's Well that Ends Will "—School life.
" Oft Told Tales "—Rules.
" Chatter box " for 1897—Lillian K.
" Hard Times "—In the Sem.
" Idle Thought of an Idle Fellow "—Marguerite D.
" Innocence Abroad "—Baldwin girls.

WE CAN'T ALWAYS SOMETIMES TELL.

What is " it."
The age of the M. B. S. girls.
Where the kodak craze will end.
Why girls are always hungry.

CLOSE OF SCHOOL.

Next Thursday evening school will close,
And we'll be happy, every one knows.
We've used up all our days to cram,
We've even passed our last exam.

We've studied Latin and literature
Of which we're tired I am quite sure.
We've walked on all the terraces,
We've flirted with the boys,
We've worried lots of teachers
Who put a stop to joys.
And now we all are going home
From which we hope no more to roam.
We've had just lots of toil and care,
And good things too, enough to share.
We've gotten caught in lots of things
Which trouble to us always brings.
And now farewell to the M. B. S.
And may she ever know
The best of everything that comes
To school, on earth, below.

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The Mary Baldwin Seminary.



Staunton, Virginia,

May, 1898.

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